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Collection of Poems

Price William Hall

Abstract

Student's name omitted writes poems informed by the restorative vigor of nature, the sheer beauty of natural systems ordered by the same physical laws which govern the orbits of planets around our star and holds tight the moons circling them. As if beyond the sequenced cadence of time he holds memories remembered as valid as the experiential feast set before him every day in the nuance of light at dawn or dusk, the dying leaves bleeding out green or the thousand shades of brown of the cut soil of the furrows in a plowed field, and clouds seem to seduce him anywhere he stands anchored staring up at them running before a breeze like tall ships before a gale.

Beyond beauty, the experiential feast set by nature, it is key he believes to the nourishment of human dreams, epiphany and awareness of the necessity of achieving a balanced human presence in the fragile biosphere. Change is a condition of life on Earth but since humankind has assumed a cataclysmic footprint as great as or greater than any natural disaster a higher awareness of responsible stewardship must be learned. What this means and could mean is to define what it means to be human in this challenging age at the crossroads of extinction and ascendance into an enlightened future.

Author Interview

Which professors (if any) have helped you in your research or creative activity?

The professors that have helped me are Juan Delgado, Julie Paegle, Chad Sweeney, Jim Brown and Omar Moran.

What are your research or creative interests?

I am now making artwork which incorporates my poetry within as a compositional element.

What are your plans after earning your degree?

What is your ultimate career goal?

After earning my MFA, I will focus my energy into an art making and writing career. My ultimate career goal is to pursue art and writing on a professional level, earning enough income from it to live a beautiful life free of financial concern.

Waiting For Rain

In between storms I sit waiting for imminent rain,
Tracking weather systems as if they were alive
I monitor closely as they purposefully meander
Over the map that contains my house, my world.

Am I prepared for this first rain I knew would fall
Since this summer when I examined the old roof
That leaked so badly last winter in the dark of night?
Just recently finished it now stands secure as a shield.

While more wood could be brought in there is enough.
Groceries are stocked, the last of Alex's peppers picked,
Erik's grand pork stew will simmer slow for hours, aromatic
Through this long, rainy Sunday safe inside, cozy and warm.

The umbilical of technology connects us still to the larger world,
I hear the beating of its heart as the rain seriously starts to fall.

Sunflowers Facing Winter

Just north of here, uphill at the chaparral edge
Lives an accessible colony of native sunflowers.
Seeking the solace of wilderness I went there
Early the next afternoon after the first real rain
Signified the promise of change from summer.
Rejuvenated, washed clean, smartly aromatic
The chaparral eternally vital even considering
The death of the annuals in the face of winter.

Sunflowers stood random in a small stand
As if skeletons of life in a strange cemetery.
Exhausted, dying, dirty-brown stems spent
Deflowered, leafless, naked, exposed to wind,
Silhouetted against tan hills and windswept sky

Most pods, still spiked and sharp, empty of seed,
Burst open, exploded, desiccated, borne aloft
Steady on fibrous stalks tough even in death.

A few yellow flowers bloom yet, doomed,
Enough left though for an honest bouquet.
How long ago did we last visit the chaparral,
Then cherished as our personal wilderness?
Just married, such simple small excitement
Nurtured our human bond to a familial Earth
Only physically lessened now by your last illness,
The residue of recalled memory and time itself.

Overheard Overhead

Two crows the color of absolutely absent light
squawking loudly, croaking clear and close
low in an ancient pomegranate full with fruit,

In the pale pre-light of this calm October dawn
the honest morning musings of lovers waking
grateful to face together another day shared

"Witness To A Shadow"

In the garden I sit under rays of November Sun
remembering how this same star, then savage,
sucked the moisture from last summer's soil.

Squash leaves then baked brittle now lie spent,
Desiccated, no life apparent in the dark cold loam.
Yellow-Crooked Neck, striped heirloom
Zucchini, it burned the flesh of peaches,

such radiation is the substance of stars
but it is not in the Sun's shining but in
its shadows resistance that I glimpse time.
Sometimes like a river shimmering under a silver
sliver of moon, sometimes a mirror mimicking sky.

The fingers of the Sun wrestle forth summoned
memories merging with the impact of now,
a wider perception comes of feeling the planet age
in response to time its' history and me.

As if but flotsam in the liquid embrace
of the river as my lover, was cradled close
borne buoyed in the steady stream, surely
inexorably ever downstream, flowing as if meant
now to kiss the turquoise lips of such an intimate sea.

"I Saw The Sun Die In Gold"

Yesterday evening I saw the Sun die in gold,
Death itself such a capricious, relative thing.
It still lived of course it was but me dying to it,
if but every human death could be so grand.

What celebration in the death of this medium star!
Through a confused veil of leafless pomegranate
branches it slipped peacefully away, down and gone

effervescent with golden bright, dancing starlight,
sparkling like bejeweled shards of flickering flame,
such a generous gift from that vital, vital source.

Even in its dying it expresses such honest concern
For the ending of our day while it is being reborn.
Expectant eyes further west, still cloaked in darkness
peer into the dark tree-lined horizon for the hint of dawn.

"Armageddon"

Tuesday mid-morning.
I have had coffee, have been witness
to the birth of dawn have risen
to stand another day to stand another day.

Armageddon will come to all.
Inexorably an end will come to this life
that has endured so long, so long, so very long
Yet that day may not be today, not yet today.

"What Does A Tree Know Of Life?"

A soft veil of clouds hangs low above the ground
between the planet's surface and its' atmosphere
above, wafting in and out of the tops of the tallest
ancient Eucalyptus who have stood against gravity
for a hundred years pointing up to space or Heaven.
What have they seen beyond the quarter century?
I have known them? My history and their history
Inexorably married, as a younger man they saw me
Squander time in so many ways but as they watched
We both grew becoming the sun of every experience.

There were children here then, laughter loud and tears
of growing, the overheard conversations of our living,
were dreams visible? The aspirations, even love
amid the consternation of sickness pulling you down
as gravity demands that every life must eventually sleep.
This vaped insulation mutes even that great star
without malice and without malice now it suffers
the business of clouds patient in the knowledge of
a thousand, thousand, thousand lifetimes of trees,
our finite human scurrying about their anchored trunks.
What does a tree know of life? The visitage of Sun
Luna, all the other celestial bodies these clouds today
a million permutations of atmospheric possibilities.
Like the breathing of the body of Earth her weather
throughout our lives follows us as we bear witness.

"Comforter"

If I were in some solitary boat far out on the ocean
there would be not much difference today above or
below that great division of curved horizon defining
the surface of the Earth. A solid monochromatic over-
cast sky the color of burned wood ash caresses the
flat slate green of the deep sea far from any shore.
Hardly modulated, the packed dense cover of cloud
blankets all, those who yearn for love, those in some
kind of love, those who sleep forever living only in
the heart of memory, personas of myself and you,
unmet yet, remembered only in my deepest dreams.